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Waddell, McCausland & Co's Column.

WADDELL, MCCAUFLAND & CO'S.

**THE WANDERING JEW.**

For the Caucasian  
And he looked upon me and said, "ARRY, thy  
Name is lowered and shrank  
And his teacher eye,  
Dreadfully pale,  
Yet dreadfully pale,  
The world is before me,  
And I have no friends,  
Relatives and enemies,  
Griefs and sorrows,  
On the shadowy road,  
The pining lonely life,  
Seems the gloomy path of death,  
Or of the grave,  
Then His voice in the winds,  
"I am thy friend still,  
Hearts are on the boughs,  
They are bated by the charm  
Lifting the blank prologue,  
The dead are buried,  
I dare the fierce flood,  
While the lightning's glories  
Are the stars of the sky,  
The dread thunder rolls,  
Purifying the answer  
To the very song soul."

In vain the evils  
From my feverish skin;  
In vain the agonies of the veins  
Left their feverish heat,  
I evaded a host of insects,  
Dreadful, fierce, fierce,  
Were born and infesting  
Over a countless world.

The sighs of the winds  
Are the last words of Sheba,  
With which they fly away with dust,  
With noiseless steps,

Went the dark car,  
Out of the sun,  
From the pale star.

The dead-fest bones  
Lie in the silent earth,  
Down the pale path,  
From the base and gates of East.

Eastward, westward,  
Toss their names of fire,  
Or peace to us all."

Numbered and lamed ones,  
One by one pass away,

Like the shadows of death,  
On the pillows white-snowy.

Then the shadows seem  
Seemed to cover the moon,

And through the gloom of ages  
A pale light comes.

On Death, I have sought thee,  
Many a time, I have found thee,

In the walls of a mere atom  
Put me to sleep, I have died.

The shadows of death after me,  
And the world seems dead.

Friends forever fly away,

And I have never seen them.

But I am a man still,  
And I have a heart still.

And I have a heart still,

And I have a heart still